

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE-BOUGHT GIFT WE BRING,

RISE WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

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THE ENGRAVING.

The present subject of the artist's pencil is a beautifully executed view of Coddington House, as it is called, at Newport, Rhode Island, a venerable building, and the residence of one of the earliest governors of the province. The first settlement in R. Island was made at Newport, in 1633. The first yearly meeting of the Society of Friends in New England was held in Governor Coddington's house. About fifty feet south of the house ran a creek of considerable note, convenient to which the settlers built their houses, for security against the Indians. In a southeast direction from the house, on the margin of the creek, stood a small mill for grinding the corn of the infant settlement: and one half of the millstone used in this mill, is at this moment used as a stepping stone to a neighboring house. About two hundred yards further, stands the Friends' Meeting House, built of timber cut on the spot.

Coddington House is about 186 years old. It was considered a palace of great magnificence in those primitive times; the bannisters of the stairway, with the finer ornamental parts, were imported from England. It still rears its modest head above the tops of multitudes of modern fabrics, a venerable memento of a generation long since departed.

From the Comic Offering.

LETTER FROM AN OXFORD STUDENT TO HIS MOTHER.

Dear Mother,—Your anger to soften,

At last I sit down to indite,—

'Tis clear I am *wrong* very often,

Since 'tis true that I seldom *do write*!

But now I'll be silent no longer,

Pro and con all my deeds I'll disclose,—

All the *pros* in my *verse* I'll make stronger,

And hide all the *cons* in my *pros*!

You told me, on coming to college,

To *dip into books* and excel:

Why the tradesmen themselves must acknowledge

I've *dipp'd into books* pretty well!

The advice you took pleasure in giving

To direct me, is sure to succeed,

And I think you'll confess I am living

With *very great credit* indeed!

I wait on the Reverend Doctors

Whose friendship you told me to seek;

And as for the two learned Proctors,

They've *called for me* twice in a week!

And, we've got intimate lately,

And I seldom can pass down the street

But their kindness surprises me greatly,—

For they *stop me* whenever we meet!

My classics, with all their old stories,

I now very closely pursue,—

And ne'er read the *Remedia Amoris*

Without thinking, dear mother, of you!

Of Virgil I've more than a smatter,

And Horace I've nearly by heart;

But though fam'd for his smartness and satire,

He's not quite so easy as *Smart*!

English Bards I admire every tittle,

And doat on poetical lore,

And though yet I have studied but *Little*,

I hope to be master of *Moore*!

You'll see, from the nonsense I've written,

That my devils are none of the *Blues*;

That I'm playful and gay as a kitten,

And nearly as fond of the *Muse*!

Bright puns (oh! how crossly you bore 'em!)

I scatter, while *Logic* I cram;

For *Exelid*, and *Puns Asinorum*,

We leave to the Johnians of Cam.

My pony, in spite of my chidings,

Is skittish and shy as can be;

Not Yorkshire, with all its *threc ridings*,

Is half such a *shier* as he!

I wish he were stronger and larger,

For in truth I must candidly own

He is far the most moderate charger

In this land of *high chargers* I've known!

My doubts of profession have vanish'd,

I'll tell you the cause when we meet;

Church, army, and bar, I have banish'd,

And now only look to the *Fleet*!

Come down, then, when summer is gilding

Our gardens, our trees, and our founts,

I'll give you account of each building,—

How you'll wonder at *all my accounts*!

Come down when the soft winds are sighing;

Come down—Oh you shall and you must—

Come down when the dust-clouds are flying—

Dear mother—*Come down with the dust*!

Sixteen lines from the prologue to *Conrad of Naples*, brought out last week at the Arch street Theatre—the only respectable ones out of some fifty or sixty. The sense is vastly better than the poetry—

Such was the stage! Alas, 'tis such no more;

No longer there does eagle genius soar;

Nor beauty linger o'er its magic spell,

Melting at sorrows drawn and feigned so well!

But whence—say whence so fallen? 'Tis from you:

Nay, start not gentle sirs, the charge is true!

Your's is the fault! Your part it is to sway,

Our humbler lot submissive to obey—

Your mandate brought across rebuking seas

Of foreign soils the literary lees—

And placed where heaven-born mind was wont to glow,

The childish pleasings of a pasteboard show!

Torn from the drama's glittering brow the gem

Which Shakspeare gave to crown her diadem,

And where a Garrick trod and Kerable played,

Saw, and was pleased to see, a beast arrayed!

SELECT TALES.

From the Englishman's Magazine.

LOVE AND AUTHORSHIP.

"WILL you remember me, Rosalie?"

"Yes!"

"Will you keep your hand for me for a year?"

"Yes!"

"Will you answer me when I write to you?"

"Yes!"

"One request more—O Rosalie, reflect that my life depends upon your acquiescence—should I succeed, will you marry me in spite of your uncle?"

"Yes!" answered Rosalie. There was no pause—reply followed question, as if it were a dialogue they had got by heart—and by heart *indeed* they had got it—but I leave you to guess the book they had conned it from.

'Twas in a green lane, on a summer's evening, about nine o'clock, when the west, like a gate of gold, had shut upon the retiring sun, that Rosalie and her lover, hand in hand, walked up and down. His arm was the girdle of her waist; hers formed a collar for his neck, which a night of the garter—ay, the owner of the sword that dubbed him—might well have been proud to wear. Their gait was slow, and face was turned to face; near were their lips while they spoke; and much of what they said never came to the ear, though their souls caught up every word of it.

Rosalie was upwards of five years the junior of her lover. She had known him since she was a little girl in her twelfth year. He was almost eighteen then, and when she thought far more about a doll than a husband, he would set her upon his knee, and call her his little wife. One, two, three years passed on, and still, whenever he came from college, and as usual went to pay his first visit at her father's, before he had been five minutes in the parlor, the door was flung open, and in bounded Rosalie, and claimed her accustomed seat. The fact was, till she was fifteen, she was a child of a very slow growth, and looked the girl when many a companion of hers the same age began to appear the woman.

When another vacation however came round, and Theodore paid his customary call, and was expecting his little wife, as usual, the door opened slowly, and a tall young lady entered, and curtsying, colored and walked to a seat next the lady of the house. The visitor stood up and bowed, and sat down again, without knowing that it was Rosalie.

"Don't you know Rosalie?" exclaimed her father.

"Rosalie!" replied Theodore in an accent of surprise; and approached his little wife of old, who rose and half gave him her hand; and curtsying, colored again; and sat down again without hardly interchanging a word with him. No wonder—she was four inches taller than when he had last seen her; and her bulk had expanded correspondingly, while her features, that half a year before gave one the idea of a sylph that would bound after a butterfly, had now mellowed in their expression, into the sentiment, the softness, and the reserve of a woman.

Theodore felt absolutely disappointed. Five minutes before, he was all volubility. No sooner was one question answered than he proposed another—and he had so many capital stories for Rosalie, when she came down—and yet, when Rosalie did come down, he sat as though he had not a word to say for himself. In short, every thing and every body in the house seemed to have changed along with its young mistress, he felt no longer at home in it, as he was wont; and in less than a quarter of an hour he made his bow and departed.

Now this was exceedingly strange; for Rosalie, from a pretty little girl, had turned into a lovely young woman. If a heart looked out of her eyes before, a soul looked out of them now; her arm, which formerly the sun had been allowed to salute when he liked, and which used to bear the trace of many a kiss that had been given it, now shown white through a sleeve of muslin, like snow behind a veil of haze; her bosom had enlarged its wavy curve, and leaving her waist little more than the span it was, sat proudly heaving above it; and the rest of her form, which, only six months ago, looked trim and airy in her short and close-fitting frock, now lengthening and throwing out its flowing line, stood stately in the folds of a long and ample drapery. Yet could not all this make up for the want of the little wife that used to come and take her seat upon Theodore's knee.

To be sure, there was another way of accounting for the young man's chagrin. He might have been disappointed that Rosalie, when five feet four should be a little more reserve than she used to be when she was only five feet nothing. Romantic, young men, too, are apt to fancy odd things. Theodore was a very romantic young man; and having, perhaps, traced for himself the woman in the child—as one will anticipate, in looking at a peach that is just knit, the hue, and form, and flavor of the consummate fruit—he might have set Rosalie down in his mind as his wife in earnest, when he appeared to call her so only in jest.

Such was the case. Theodore never calculated that Rosalie knew nothing about his dreams—that she had no such visions herself; he never anticipated that the frankness of girlhood would vanish, as soon as the diffidence of young womanhood begun its blushing reign; the thought never occurred to him that the day would come when Rosalie would scruple to sit on his knee—ay, even though Rosalie should then begin to think upon him, as for many a year before he had thought upon her. He returned from college the fifth time; he found that the woman which he imagined in a year or two she would become, was surpassed by the woman that she already was; he remarked the withdrawal of confidence, the limitation of familiarity—the penalty which he must inevitably pay for her maturing—and he felt repelled and chilled and utterly disheartened by it.

For a whole week he never returned to the house. Three days of a second week elapsed, and still he kept away. He had been invited, however, to a ball which was to be given there the day following; and much as he was inclined to absent himself, being a little more inclined to go, he went.

Full three hours was he in the room without once setting eyes upon Rosalie. He saw her mother and her father, and talked with them; he saw squire this, and doctor that, and attorney such-a-one, and had fifty things to say to each of them; he had eyes and a tongue for every body, but Rosalie—not a look, or a word did he exchange with her; yet he was here and there and every where! In short he was all communicativeness and vivacity, so that every one remarked how bright he had become since his last visit to college.

At last, however, his fine spirits all at once seemed to forsake him, and he withdrew to the library, which was lit up for the occasion as an anti-room, and taking a volume out of the book-case threw himself into a chair and began to turn over the leaves.

"Have you forgotten your little wife," said a soft voice near him—'twas Rosalie's—"if you have," she added, as he started from his seat, "she has not forgotten you!"

She wore a carnation in her hair—the hue of the

flower was not deeper than that of her cheek, as she stood and extended her hands to Theodore, who, the moment he rose, had held forth both of his.

"Rosalie!"

"Theodore!"—He led her to a sofa, which stood in a recess on the opposite side of the room, and for five minutes not another word did they exchange.

At length she gently withdrew her hand from his—she had suffered him to hold it all that time—"We shall be observed," said she.

"Ah Rosalie," replied he, "nine months since you sat upon my knee, and they observed us, yet you did not mind it!"

"You know I am a woman now," rejoined Rosalie, hanging her head; "and—and—will you lead off the next dance with me?" cried she, suddenly changing the subject. "There now; I have asked you!" added she "which is more than you deserve!"—of course Theodore was not at all happy to accept the challenge of the metamorphosed Rosalie.

One might suppose that the young lady's heart was interested, and that Theodore was a far happier man than he had imagined himself to be. The fact was neither more nor less. Little Rosalie was proud of being called Theodore's wife, because she heard every body else speak in praise of him. Many a marriageable young lady had she heard declare—not minding to speak before a child—that Theodore was the finest young man in B—; that she hoped Theodore would be at such or such a house where she was going to dine, or spend the evening; nay, that she would like to have a sweetheart like Theodore. Then would Rosalie interpose, and with a saucy toss of her head exclaim, that nobody should have Theodore but Rosalie, for Rosalie was his little wife. 'Twas thus she learned to admire the face and person of Theodore, who more than once paid for her acquired estimation of them; for sometimes before a whole room full of company she would march up to him, and scanning him from head to foot, with folded arms, at length declare aloud, that he *was* the handsomest young man in B—. Then Theodore was so kind to her, and thought so much of any thing she did, and took such notice of her! Often, at a dance, he would make her his partner for the whole evening; and there was Miss Willoughby, perhaps, or Miss Millar, sitting down; either of whom would have given her eyes to stand up in a reel with Theodore.

But when the summer of her seventeenth year beheld her bursting into womanhood; when her expanding thoughts, from a bounding, fitful, rill-like current, began to run a deep, a broad, and steady stream; when she found that she was almost arrived at the threshold of the world, and reflected that the step which marks a female's first entrance into it is generally taken in the hand of a partner—the thought of who that partner might be, recalled Theodore to her mind—and her heart fluttered as she asked herself the question—should she ever be indeed the wife of Theodore.

When, this time, he paid his visit, Rosalie was as much mortified as he was. Her vexation was increased when she saw that he absented himself; she resolved, if possible, to ascertain the cause; and persuaded her mother to give a ball, and especially invite the young gentleman. He came; she watched him; observed that he neither inquired after her nor sought for her; and marked the excellent terms that he was upon with twenty people, about whom she knew him to be perfectly indifferent. Women have a perception of the workings of the heart, far more quick and subtle than we have. She was convinced that all his fine spirits were forced—that he was acting a part. She suspected that while he appeared to be occupied

with every body but Rosalie—Rosalie was the only body that was running in his thoughts. She saw him withdraw to the library; she followed him, found him sitting down with a book in his hand, perceived, from his manner of turning over the leaves, that he was intent on any thing but reading.—She was satisfied that he was thinking of nothing but Rosalie. The thought that Rosalie might one day become indeed his wife, now occurred to her for the thousandth time, and a thousand times stronger than ever; a spirit diffused itself through her heart which had never been breathed into it before, and filling it with hope and happiness, and unutterable contentment, irresistibly drew it towards him. She approached him, accosted him, and in a moment was seated with him, hand in hand, upon the sofa!

As soon as the dance was done, "Rosalie," said Theodore, "tis almost as warm in the air as in the room; will you be afraid to take a turn with me in the garden?"

"I shall get my shawl in a minute," said Rosalie, "and meet you there;" and the maiden was there almost as soon as he.

They preceded, arm-in-arm, to the farthest part of the garden; and they walked up and down without either seeming inclined to speak, as though their hearts could discourse through their hands, which were locked in one another.

"Rosalie!" at last breathed Theodore. "Rosalie!" breathed he a second time, before the expecting girl could summon courage to say "Well!"

"I cannot go home to-night," resumed he, "without speaking to you." Yet Theodore seemed to be in no hurry to speak; for there he stopped, and continued silent so long, that Rosalie began to doubt whether he would open his lips again.

"Had we not better go in?" said Rosalie, "I think I hear them breaking up."

"Not yet," replied Theodore.

"They'll miss us!" said Rosalie.

"What of that?" rejoined Theodore.

"Nay," resumed the maid, "we have remained long enough and at least allow me to go in."

"Stop but another minute, dear Rosalie!" imploringly exclaimed the youth.

"For what?" was the maid's reply.

"Rosalie," without a pause, resumed Theodore, "you used to sit upon my knee, and let me call you wife. Are those times passed for ever? Dear Rosalie!—will you never let me take you on my knee and call you wife again?"

"When we have done with our girl-hood, we have done with our plays," said Rosalie.

"I do not mean *in play*," dear Rosalie, cried Theodore. "It is not playing at man and wife to walk, as such, out of church. Will you marry me, Rosalie?"

Rosalie was silent.

"Will you marry me?" repeated he.

Not a word would Rosalie speak.

"Hear me!" cried Theodore. "The first day, Rosalie, I took you upon my knee, and called you my wife, jest as it seemed to be, my heart was never more in earnest. That day I wedded you in my soul; for though you were a child, I saw the future woman in you, rich in the richest attractions of your sex. Nay, do me justice; recal what you yourself know of me; inquire of others. To whom did I play the suitor from that day? To none but you, although to you I did not seem to play it. Rosalie was not I always with you! Recollect now! Did a day pass, when I was at home, without my coming to your father's house? When there were parties there, whom did I sit beside but you? Whom did I stand behind at the piano forte, but

you? Nay, for a whole night, whom have I danced with, but you? Whatever you might have thought *then*, can you believe *now*, that it was merely a playful child that could so have engrossed me? No, Rosalie! it was the virtuous, generous, lovely, loving woman, that I saw in the playful child. Rosalie! for five years have I loved you, though I never declared it to you till now. Do you think I am worthy of you? Will you give yourself to me? Will you marry me? Will you sit upon my knee again and let me call you wife?"

Three or four times Rosalie made an effort to speak; but desisted, as if she knew not what to say, or was unable to say what she wished; Theodore still holding her hand. At last, "Ask my father's consent!" she exclaimed, and tried to get away; but before she could effect it, she was clasped to the bosom of Theodore, nor released until the interchange of the first pledge of love had been forced from her bashful lips!—She did not appear, that night, in the drawing-room again.

Theodore's addresses were sanctioned by the parents of Rosalie. The wedding day was fixed—it wanted but a fortnight to it—when a malignant fever made its appearance in the town; Rosalie's parents were the first victims. She was left an orphan at eighteen, and her uncle, by her mother's side, who had been nominated her guardian in a will, made several years, having followed his brother-in-law and sister's remains to the grave, took his residence at B—.

Rosalie's sole consolation now, was such as she received from the society of Theodore; but Theodore soon wanted consolation himself. His father was attacked by the fever and died, leaving his affairs, to the astonishment of every one, in a state of the most inextricable embarrassment: for he had been looked upon as one of the wealthiest inhabitants of B—. This was a double blow to Theodore, but he was not aware of the weight of it till, after the interment of his father, he repaired, for the first time, to resume his visits to his Rosalie.

He was stepping up without ceremony to the drawing-room, when the servant begged his pardon for stopping him, telling him at the same time, that he had received instructions from his master to show Theodore into the parlor when he should call.

"Was Miss Wilford there?"

"No."—Theodore was shown into the parlor. Of all savage brutes, the human brute is the most pernicious and revolting, because he unites to the evil properties of the inferior animal the mental faculties of the superior one—And then he is at large. A vicious tempered dog you can muzzle and render innocuous; but there is no preventing the human dog that bites from fleshing his tooth—he is sure to have it in somebody. And then the infliction is so immeasurably more severe!—the quick of the mind is so much more sensitive than that of the body! Besides, the savage that runs on four legs is so inferior in performance to him that walks upon two! 'Tis he that knows how to gnaw! I have often thought it a pity and a sin that the man who plays the dog should be protected from dying the death of one. He should hang and the other go free.

"Well, young gentleman!" was the salutation which Theodore received when he entered the parlor, "and pray what brings you here?"

Theodore was struck dumb and no wonder.

"Your father, I understand has died a beggar!—Do you think to marry my niece?" If Theodore respired with difficulty before, his breath was utterly taken away at this. He was a young man of spirit, but who can keep up his heart when his ship all at once is going down.

The human dog went on. "Young gentleman, I shall be plain with you, for I am a straightforward man;

young women should mate with their matches—you are no match for my niece; so a good morning to you!"—How more in place to have wished him a good halter! Saying this, the straightforward savage walked out of the room, leaving the door wide open, that Theodore might have room for egress; and steadily walked up stairs.

It was several minutes before he could recover his self recollection. When he did so he rang the bell.

"Tell your master I wish to speak to him," said Theodore to the servant who answered it. The servant went up stairs after his master, and returned.

"I am sorry, Sir," said he, "to be the bearer of such an errand; but my master desires you instantly to quit the house; and has commanded me to tell you that he has given me orders not to admit you again!"

"I must see Miss Wilford!" exclaimed Theodore.

"You cannot, Sir!" respectfully remarked the servant; "for she is locked in her own room; but you can send a message to her," added he in a whisper, "and I will be the bearer of it. There is not a servant in the house, Mr. Theodore, but is sorry for you to his soul."

This was so much in season, and was so evidently spoken from the heart, that Theodore could not help catching the honest fellow by the hand. Here the drawing-room bell was rung violently.

"I must go, Sir," said the servant, "what message to my mistress?"

"Tell her to give me a meeting, and to apprise me of the time and place," said Theodore; and the next moment the hall door shut upon him.

One may easily imagine the state of the young fellow's mind. To be driven with insult and barbarity from the house in which he had been received a thousand times with courtesy and kindness; which he looked upon as his own! Then, what was to be done? Rosalie's uncle, after all, had told him nothing but the truth. His father had died a beggar! Dear as Rosalie was to Theodore, his own pride recoiled at the idea of offering her a hand which was not the master of a shilling! Yet was not Theodore portionless. His education was finished; that term he had completed his collegiate studies. If his father had not left him a fortune, he had provided him with the means of making one himself; at all events, of commanding a competency. He had the credit of being a young man of decided genius too. "I will not offer Rosalie a beggar's hand!" exclaimed Theodore, "I shall ask her to remain true to me a year; and I'll go up to London and maintain myself by my pen. It may acquire me fame as well as fortune; and then I may marry Rosalie!"

This was a great deal of work to be done in a year; but if Theodore was not a man of genius, he possessed a mind of that sanguine temperament, which is usually an accompaniment of the richer gift. Before the hour of dinner all his plans were laid, and he was ready to start for London. He waited now for nothing but a message from Rosalie, and as soon as the sweet girl could send it, it came to him. It appointed him to meet her in the green lane after sunset; the sun had scarcely set when he was there; and there, too, was Rosalie. He found that she was Rosalie still. Fate had stripped him of fortune; but she could not persuade Rosalie to refuse him her hand, or her lip; when, half way down the lane, she heard a light, quick step behind her, and, turning—beheld Theodore.

Theodore's wishes, as before stated, were granted as soon as communicated; and now nothing remained but to say good by—perhaps the hardest thing to two young lovers. Rosalie stood passive in the arms of Theodore, as he took the farewell kiss, which appeared as if it would join his lips to hers for ever, instead of tearing them away. She heard her name called from a short

distance, and in a half suppressed voice; she started, and turned towards the direction whence the pre-concerted warning came; she heard it again; she had stopped till the last moment! She had half withdrawn herself from Theodore's arms; she looked at him; flung her own around him, and burst into tears upon his neck!—In another minute there was nobody in the lane.

London is a glorious place for a man of talent to make his way in—provided he has extraordinary good luck. Nothing but merit can get on there; nothing is sterling that is not of its coinage. Our provincial towns won't believe that gold is gold unless it has been minted in London. There is no trickery there; no treating, no canvassing, no intrigue, no coalition! There, worth has only to show itself if it wishes to be killed with kindness! London tells the truth! You may swear to what it says—whatsoever may be proved to the contrary. The cause—the cause is every thing in London! Show but your craft, and straight your brethren come crowding around you, and if they find you worthy, why you shall be brought into notice—even though they should tell a lie for it and damn you. Never trouble yourself about getting on by interest in London! Get on by yourself. Posts are filled there by merit; or if a man suits not the office, why the office is made to adapt itself to the man, and so there is unity after all! What a happy fellow was Theodore to find himself in such a place as London!

He was certainly happy in one thing: the coach in which he came set him down at a friend's whose circumstances were narrow, but whose heart was large—accurate of the Church of England. Strange that, with all the appurtenances of hospitality at his command, abundance should allow it to be said, that the kindest welcome which adversity usually meets with is that which it receives from adversity! If Theodore found that the house was a cold one to what he had been accustomed, the warmth of the greeting made up for it. "They breakfasted at nine, dined at four, and, if he could sleep upon the sofa, why there was a bed for him!" In a day he was settled, and at his work.

And upon what did Theodore found his hopes of making a fortune, and raising to fame in London?—Upon writing a play. At an early period he had discovered, as his friends imagined, a talent for dramatic composition; and having rather sedulously cultivated that branch of literature, he thought he would now try his hand in one bold effort, the success of which should determine him as to his future course in life. The play was written, presented, and accepted; the performers were ready in their parts; the evening of representation came on, and Theodore, seated in the pit beside his friend, at last, with a throbbing heart, beheld the curtain rise. The first and second acts went smoothly and with applause.

Two gentlemen were placed immediately in front of Theodore. "What do you think of it?" said the one to the other.

"Rather tame," was the reply.

"Will it succeed?"

"Doubtful."

The third act, however, decided the fate of the play; the interest of the audience became so intense, that one particular stage of the action, numbers in the second and third rows of the side boxes stood up, and the clapping of hands was universal, intermingled with cries of "bravo!" from every part of the theatre. "I will do," was now the remark, and Theodore breathed a little more freely than he had done some ten minutes ago. Not to be too tedious, the curtain fell amidst shouts of approbation, unmingled with the

slightest demonstration of displeasure, and the author had not twenty friends in the house.

If Theodore did not sleep that night, it was not from inquietude of mind—contentment was his repose. His most sanguine hopes had been surpassed; the fiat of a London audience had stamped him a dramatist; the way to fortune was open and clear, and Rosalie would be his.

Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Theodore and his friend repaired to the coffee-room. "We must see what the critics say," remarked the latter. Theodore, with prideful confidence,—the offspring of fair success, took up the first morning print that came to his hand. *Theatre Royal* met his eye. "Happy is the successful dramatist!" exclaimed Theodore to himself; "at night he is greeted by the applauses of admiring thousands, and in the morning they are repeated, and echoed all over the kingdom through the medium of the press! What will Rosalie say when her eye falls upon this!"—And what, indeed, would Rosalie say when she read the utter damnation of her lover's drama, which the critic denounced from the beginning to the end, without presenting his readers with a single quotation to justify the severity of his strictures!

"Tis very odd!" said Theodore.

"Tis very odd indeed!" rejoined his friend, repeating his words. "You told me this play was your own, and here I find that you have copied it from half a dozen others that have been founded upon the same story.

"Where?" inquired Theodore, reaching for the paper.

"There!" said his friend, pointing to the paragraph.

"And is this London!" exclaimed Theodore. "I never read a play, nor the line of a play on the same subject. Why does not the writer prove the plagiarism?"

"Because he does not know whether it is, or is not a plagiarism," rejoined the other. "He is aware that several other authors have constructed dramas upon the same passage in history; and—to draw the same charitable inference, for you would not suspect him of telling a deliberate lie—he thinks you have seen them and have availed yourself of them."

"Is it not the next thing to a falsehood," indignantly exclaimed Theodore; "to advance a charge, of the justness of which you have not assured yourself?"

"I know not that," rejoined his friend; "but it certainly indicates a rather superficial reverence for truth; and a disposition to censure, which excludes from all claim to ingenuousness the individual who indulges it."

"And so this will go the round of the whole kingdom."

"Yes."

"Should I not contradict it?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Tis beneath you; beside, the stamp of malignancy is so strong upon it, that, except to the utterly ignorant, it is harmless; and even these, when they witness your play themselves, as some time or another they will, will remember the libel, to the cost of its author and to your advantage. I see you have been almost as hardly treated by this gentleman," continued he, glancing over the paper which Theodore had taken up when he entered the room. "Are you acquainted with any of the gentlemen of the press?"

"No;—is it not therefore strange that I should have enemies among them?"

"Not at all."

"Why?"

"Because you have succeeded. Look over the rest

of the journals," continued his friend; "you may find salve, perhaps, for these scratches."

Theodore did so; and in one or two instances salve, indeed, he found; but upon the whole he was in little danger of being spoiled through the praises of the press. "Why," exclaimed Theodore, "why do not letters enlarge the soul, while they expand the mind? Why do they not make men generous and honest? Why is not every literary man an illustration of Juvenal's axiom?"

"Teach a dog what you may," rejoined his friend, "can you alter his nature, so that the brute shall not predominate?"

"No," replied Theodore.

"You are answered," said his friend.

The play had what is called a run, but not a decided one. Night after night it was received with the same enthusiastic applauses; but the audiences did not increase. It was a victory without the acquisition of spoils or territory. "What can be the meaning of this?" exclaimed Theodore; we seem to be moving, and yet do not advance an inch!"

"They should paragraph the play as they do a pantomime," remarked his friend. "But then a pantomime is an expensive thing; they will lay out a thousand pounds upon one, and they must get their money back. The same is the case with their melo-dramas; so, if you want to succeed to the height, as a playwright, you know what to do."

"What?" inquired Theodore.

"Write melo-dramas and pantomimes!"

Six months had now elapsed, and Theodore's purse, with all his success, was rather lighter than when he first pulled it out in London. However, in a week, two bills which he had taken from his publisher would fall due, and then he would run down to B—, and perhaps obtain an interview with Rosalie. At the expiration of the week his bills were presented, and dishonored! He repaired to his publisher's for an explanation—the house had stopped! Poor Theodore! They were in the Gazette that very day! Theodore turned into the first coffee-room to look at a paper; there were indeed, the names of the firm! "I defy fortune to serve me a scurvier trick!" exclaimed Theodore, the tears half starting into his eyes. He little knew the lady whose ingenuity he was braving.

He looked now at one side of the paper, and now at the other, thinking all the while of nothing but the bills and the bankrupts' list. *Splendid fete at B—* met his eye, and soon his thoughts were occupied with nothing but B—; for there he read that the young lord of the manor, having just come of age, had given a ball and supper, the former of which he opened with the lovely and accomplished Miss Rosalie —. The grace of the fair couple was expatiated upon; and the editor took occasion to hint, that a pair so formed by nature for each other might probably, before long, take hands in another, a longer, and more momentous dance. What did Theodore think of Fortune now?

"O that it were but a stride to B—!" he exclaimed, as he laid down the paper, and his hand dropped nerveless at his side. He left the coffee house, and dreamed his way back to his friends; gigs, carriages, carts rolled by him unheeded; the foot-path was crowded, but he saw not a soul in the street. He was in the ball-room at B—, and looking on while the young lord of the manor handed out Rosalie to lead her down the dance, through every figure of which Theodore followed them with his eyes with scrutinising glance, scanning the countenance of his mistress. Then the set was over, and he saw them walking arm in arm . . . and presently they

were dancing again; and now the ball was over, and he followed them to the supper-room, where he saw the young lord of the manor place Rosalie beside him. Then fancy changed the scene from the supper-room to the church, at the altar of which stood Rosalie with his happy rival; and he heard the questions and responses which forge the mystic chain that binds for life; and he saw the ring put on, and heard the blessing which announces that the nuptial sacrament is complete! His hands were clenched; his cheek was in a flame; a wish was rising in his throat—"Good news for you," said some one clapping him on the back; "a letter from Rosalie lies for you at home. Why are you passing by the house?" 'Twas his friend.

"A letter from Rosalie!" exclaimed Theodore. Quickly he retraced his steps, and there on the table lay, indeed; the dear missive of his Rosalie.

"Welcome, sweet comforter!" ejaculated Theodore, as he kissed the cyphers which his Rosalie's hand had traced, and the wax which bore the impress of her seal—"welcome, O, welcome! you come in time; you bring an ample solace for disappointment, mortification, poverty—whatever my evil destiny can inflict. You have come to assure me that they cannot deprive me of my Rosalie!"

Bright was his eye, and glistening while he spoke; but when he opened the fair folds that conveyed to him the inmost thoughts of his mistress, its radiancy was gone!

"THEODORE,

I am aware of the utter frustration of your hopes. I am convinced that at the end of a year you will not be a step nearer to fortune than you are now; why then keep my hand for you? What I say briefly, you will interpret fully. You are now the guardian of my happiness—as such I address you. Thursday—so you consent—will be my wedding day.

ROSALIE."

Such was the letter, upon the address and seal of which Theodore had imprinted a score of kisses before he opened it. "Fortune is in the mood," said Theodore with a sigh so deeply drawn, that any one who had heard it would have imagined he had breathed his spirit out along with it—"Fortune is in the mood, and let her have her humor out! I shall answer the letter; my reply to her shall convey what she desires—nothing more! she is incapable of entering into my feelings, and unworthy of being made acquainted with them; I shall not condescend to complain."

"ROSALIE,

"You are free!

"THEODORE."

Such was the answer which Theodore dispatched to Rosalie. O the enviable restlessness of the mind upon the first shock of thwarted affection! How it turns every way for the solace which it feels it can no where meet with, except in the perfect extinction of consciousness. Find it an anodyne!—you cannot. A drug may close the eye for a time, but the soul will not sleep a wink; it lies broad awake to agony, distinct, palpable, immediate, however memory may be cheated to lose for the present the traces of the cause. Then for the start, the spasm, the groan, which, while the body lies free, attest the presence and activity of the mental rack! Better walk than go to sleep!—A heath, without a soul but yourself upon it, an ink-black sky, pouring down torrents,—wind, lightning, thunder, as though the vault above was cracking and disparting the fragments!—any thing to mount above the pitch of your own solitude, and

darkness, and tempest, and overcome them, or attract and divert your contemplation from, or threaten every moment to put an end to them and you!

Theodore's friend scarcely knew him the next morning. He glanced at him, and took no further notice. 'Twas the best way, though people there are who imagine that it rests with a man in a fever, at his own option, to remain in it, or to become convalescent.

Theodore's feelings were more insupportable to him the second day than the first. He went here and there and everywhere; and no where could he remain for two minutes at a time at rest. Then he was so abstracted. Crossing a street he was nearly run over by a vehicle and four. This for a moment awakened him. He saw London and B— upon the pannels of the coach. The box seat was empty; he asked if it was engaged.

"No."

He sprang up upon it, and away they drove.

"I'll see her once more," exclaimed Theodore, "it can but drive me mad, or break my heart."

Within a mile of B— a splendid barouch passed them.

"Whose is that?" inquired Theodore.

"The young lord of the Manor's," answered the driver. "Did you see the lady in it?"

"No."

"I caught a glimpse of her dress," said the driver. "I'll warrant she's a dashing one! The young squire, they say, has a capital taste!"

Theodore looked after the carriage. There was nothing but the road. The vehicle drove at a rapid pace and was soon out of sight. Theodore's heart turned sick.

The moment the coach stopped he alighted; and with a misgiving mind he stood at the door which had often admitted him to his Rosalie. 'Twas opened by a domestic whom he had never seen before.

"Was Miss Wilford within?"

"No."

"When would she return?"

"Never. She had gone that morning to London to be married!"

Theodore made no further inquiries, neither did he offer to go, but stood glaring upon the man more like a spectre than a human being.

"Any thing more?" said the man, retreating into the house and gradually closing the door, through which now only a portion of his face could be seen.

"Any thing more?"

Theodore made no reply, in fact he had lost all consciousness. At last the shutting of the door, which, half from panic, half from anger, the man pushed violently to, aroused him.

"I shall knock at you no more!" said he, and departed, pressing his heart with his hand, and moving his limbs as if he cared not how, or whither they bore him. A gate suddenly stopped his progress; 'twas the entrance to the green lane. He stepped over the style—he was on the spot where he had parted last from Rosalie—where she had flung her arms about his neck and wept upon it. His heart began to melt, for the first time since he had received her letter; a sense of suffocation came over him, till he felt as if he would choke. The name of Rosalie was on his tongue; twice he attempted to articulate it, but could not. At last it got vent in a convulsive sob, which was followed by a torrent of tears. He threw himself upon the ground—he wept on—he made no effort to check the flood, but let it flow till forgetfulness stopped it.

He rose with a sensation of intense cold. 'Twas morning! He had slept! Would he had slept on! He

turned from the sun, as it rose without a cloud upon, the wedding morn of Rosalie. 'Twas Thursday. He repassed the style; and in a few minutes was on his road to London, which he entered about eleven o'clock at night, and straight proceeded to his friend's. They were gone to bed.

"Give me a light," said Theodore, "I'll go to bed."

"Your bed is occupied, sir," replied the servant.

"Is it?" said Theodore; "well, I can sleep upon the carpet." He turned into the parlor, drew a chair towards the table, upon which the servant had placed a light, and sat down. All was quiet for a time. Presently he heard a foot upon the stair; 'twas his friend's, who was descending and now entered the parlor.

"I thought you were a-bed," said Theodore.

"So I was," replied his friend, "but hearing your voice in the hall, I rose and come down to you." He drew a chair opposite to Theodore. Both were silent for a time; at length Theodore spoke.

"Rosalie is married," said he.

"I don't believe it."

"She is going to be married to the young lord of the manor."

"I don't believe it."

"She came to town with him yesterday."

"I don't believe it."

Theodore pushed back his chair, and stared at his friend.

"What do you mean?" said Theodore.

"I mean that I entertain some doubts as to the accuracy of your grounds for concluding that Rosalie is inconstant to you."

"Did I not read the proof of it in the public papers yesterday?"

"The statement may have been erroneous."

"Did not her own letter assure me of it?"

"You may have misunderstood it."

"I tell you I have been at B—; I have been at her home. I inquired for her, and was told she had gone up to London to be married! O my friend," continued he, covering his eyes with his handkerchief, "tis useless to deceive ourselves. I am a ruined man! You see to what she has reduced me. I shall never be myself again! Myself! I tell you I existed in *her* being more than in my own. She was the soul of all I thought, and felt, and did; the primal, vivifying principle! She has murdered me! I breathe, it is true, and the blood is in my veins, and circulates; but every thing else about me is death—hopes! wishes! interests!—there is no pulse, no respiration there! I should not be sorry were there none any where else. Feel my hand," added he, reaching his hand across the table, without removing his handkerchief from his eyes, for the sense of his desolation had utterly unmanned him, and his tears continued to flow. "Feel my hand. Does it not burn. A hearty fever, now, would be a friend," continued he, "and I think I have done my best to merit a call from such a visiter. The whole of last night I slept out in the open air. Guess where I took my bed. In the green lane—the spot where I parted last from Rosalie!"—he felt a tear drop upon the hand which he had extended—the tear was followed by the pressure of a lip. He uncovered his eyes, and turning them in wonderment to look upon his friend—beheld Rosalie sitting opposite to him!

For a moment or two he questioned the evidence of his senses—but soon was he convinced that it was indeed reality; for Rosalie, quitting her seat approached him, and breathing his name with an accent that infused ecstasy into his soul, threw herself into his arms, that doubtfully opened to receive her.

Looking over her father's papers Rosalie had found a more recent will, in which her union with Theodore had been fully sanctioned, and he himself constituted her guardian until it should take place. She was aware that his success in London had been doubtful; the generous girl determined that he should no longer be subjected to incertitude and disappointment; and she playfully wrote the letter which was the source of such distraction to her lover. From his answer she saw that he had totally misinterpreted her; she resolved in person to disabuse him of the error; and by offering to become his wife, at once to give him the most convincing proof of her sincerity and constancy. She arrived in London the very day that Theodore arrived in B—. His friend, who had known her from her infancy, received her as his daughter; and he and his wife listened with delight to the unfolding of her plans and intentions, which she freely confided to them. Late they sat up for Theodore that night, and when all hopes of his coming home were abandoned, Rosalie became the occupant of his bed. The next night, in a state of the most distressing anxiety, in consequence of his continued absence, she had just retired to her apartment, when a knock at the street door made her bound from her couch, upon which she had that moment thrown herself; and presently she heard her lover's voice at the foot of the stair. Scarcely knowing what she did, she attired herself, descended, opened the parlor door unperceived by Theodore, and took the place of their friendly host, who, the moment he saw her, beckoned her, and resigning his chair to her, withdrew.

The next evening, a select party were assembled in the curate's little drawing-room, and Theodore and Rosalie were there. The lady of the house motioned the latter to approach her, she rose and was crossing Theodore, when he caught her by the hand, and drew her upon his knee.

"Theodore!" exclaimed the fair one, coloring.

"My wife!" was the reply, while he imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

They had been married that morning.

THE LAW.

LAMB vs. TOUGHMUTTON, Assumpsit.—This was a simple action for debt. The oath of danger had been taken by plaintiff upon two grounds; first, defendant was *difficult to find*; secondly, he had declared his intention to *take leave of absence*. Mr. Slow, the clerk of the court, had therefore issued his sign manual to take defendant's body wherever he could be found. But, although this was a simple action for debt, that debt was of a peculiar nature. It was contracted not for labor performed by a brawney pair of arms, or in the pedestrian exercises of a porter or runner. By a written contract made in the year of our Lord, &c. &c. &c. said Lamb had assigned over for the use of the said Toughmutton, the workings of his brain, to be inserted in the pages of a certain hebdomadal, called the Oracle. The paper had not received its name from feelings of vanity on the part of the publisher, printer, or editor, but in consequence of the name having been particularly suggested by certain friends of the parties, whose intimations were considered nearly equal to commands.

JUSTICE.—You must come to the business in hand, sir, the time of the court cannot be taken up in such—(interrupted by counsel)—"It is conceded by every one within the sound of my voice, or within the umbrageous walls of this magnificent building, that the name of a thing is important. Suppose the Clerk of

the Court was to forget a witness's name in making out a subpoena; that subpoena would be null and void. Again, suppose a man were to forget *his own name*," (considerable frowning by the court, really sir, irrelevant talk like this cannot)—"the indulgence or the court will certainly be extended to the allegations of counsel, especially if remarkably pertinent, as in the present case; but as the court seems impatient, I shall come to my second point, which is, as the court will not allow of explanation, illustration, or exposition in the premises, as plain as the nose on a man's face. A publishes a paper, which he sells to B, C, and D—yes, and if you will have it, to E, F, and G. He furnishes the *materiel*, by this phrase, which is borrowed from the French, and brought into our language only about Queen Anne's reign, vide Spectator,—I say by *materiel*, I do not mean the paper, the ink, or the type, but the product, as one may say, with the permission of the court, of a man's pericranium. The mental performances contained in said publication, by which the sale of the same was effected, by which the compositors, pressmen, devils, editors, and publisher, ate their bread, and for the recovery of which, the honest effervescence of plaintiff's mind having been like a barrel of beer, in a state of fermentation, incessantly working, and that too for the good of the public; for the recovery of the price of these commotions, agitations, cogitations, the present suit had been brought. This is my case, which, I think, both for myself, and on behalf of my client, is a very clear one. But not relying, your honor, upon the validity of the contract, the simple production of which in this august court, and before your honor, should command irresistibly, and incontrovertibly, and triumphantly, a verdict in favor of my client, I shall proceed to call fourteen witnesses."

Here the honorable counsel proceeded to the outer court for the purpose of bringing up this formidable phalanx, when the clock struck three, and our reporter wended his way along the reverberating stone floor of the City Hall, until he breathed once more the air of the street.—*N. Y. Times.*

It was decided, a few days since, at the Court of Common Pleas in Providence, in the case of George Tillinghast & Co. vs. William Hidden, that lottery tickets were not goods, wares, and merchandise. The action was in assumpsit, to recover the amount of an account for lottery tickets sold by the plaintiff, to defendant, and charged in account. One of the plaintiffs was offered as a witness to swear to the account, which was objected to on the ground that lottery tickets were not the subject of book account, not being goods, wares and merchandise, but mere *chests of action*, like promissory notes, bills of exchange, bank bills, &c. The Court sustained the objection, and the plaintiffs were not allowed to swear to their account.

MISCELLANY.

AN IRISHMAN'S WAY TO GET A DINNER.—Captain —, of this town, being becalmed in St. George's Channel, had his ship visited by an Irishman in a small boat from the shore. The son of Erin being troubled with the 'keen demands of appetite,' thus addressed the captain: 'And troth, captain, will ye go on shore if I will give ye some eggs and chickens?' Partly to obtain eggs and chickens, and partly for amusement, he concluded to go on shore, and ordered his boat to be put in readiness. As they were about to leave the ship, Patrick, in pure Irish style, intimated to the captain that some *beef and pork* would be acceptable to 'Nelly and the little ones.' Of course some liberal pieces of each were taken on

shore, and delivered to Nelly to cook for dinner, whom he thus addressed—"Nelly, my honey, if ye had some eggs and chickens would'dt ye give them to the captain?" "Arn't plase ye'r honor, captain," said Nelly, "and that I would with all my heart." Patrick, turning to the captain, said, "Is'nt she a swate crature, captain?" The captain enjoyed the joke much better than he would the best chickens ever hatched.

LACE WORK.—An establishment called the Rhode Island Lace School has commenced at Newport. Notwithstanding its recent origin, no less than *seven hundred females* are actively employed by its proprietors. The style of lace work is said to be the most ingenious of its kind, and of that particular description with which the English dealers in lace have had to supply themselves in France, in consequence of the superior excellence of execution of their Gallie competitors. Several Englishmen are now settled in France, where they employ people to work upon lace for the American markets, and it is calculated that the people of the United States pay foreigners in this way not less than 6 or \$700,000 annually, for what can be as well performed by themselves. A regular and habitual occupation in these delicate fabrics, must eventually lead to that beautiful state of perfection at which they have arrived in France, and some of the females engaged in the "lace school" have already attained a high degree of excellence.

PHILADELPHIA.—"It is indeed a matter of marvel, as well as admiration, that this magnificent City should have been blessed with the wisdom, patriotism, and munificence of three such eminent and extraordinary men as Penn, and Franklin, and Girard. Neither of them natives of the city, two foreigners of different countries, always rivals enemies—the other an adventurer from New England; one born in London, one in Boston, the other in Bordeaux; yet all vying, as it were, in doing honor to the home of their adoption, and leaving a monument of gratitude, to perpetuate their names and their memories. What is it that has given Philadelphia this pre-eminence over every other city of the Union. Is it not that influence which the practical virtues of the followers of George Fox, have exerted and diffused through society! We hardly know in what terms of commendation, to speak of the excellence of that beautiful creed of this peaceful sect—patient, under persecution, rendering good for evil, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of faith and good works, without partiality and without hypocrisy.—Among them are no sudden changes of heart, no miraculous awakenings of conscience, no compassing Heaven and earth to make proselytes. Yet they exert a salutary and powerful influence on society, that commands their creed to the love and admiration of all denominations. We think we can see in the unexampled prosperity of Philadelphia, the transmitted virtues of its early founders, which have been cherished and practised by every succeeding generation. The public spirit of Penn was the bright exemplar of Franklin: the liberality of Franklin, an example for the munificence of Girard."—*Boston paper.*

A FEMALE SPORTSMAN.—Mrs. Rhoads, wife of Mr. Isaac Rhoads, living about three miles east of this village, on the 9th inst., observing two deers approach within a short distance of the house, took her husband's rifle and aimed it through the window, and brought the foremost down. She immediately reloaded the rifle and felled the other. Seeing three others approach, probably attracted by the browse of a tree, which had been cut down the day before, she again loaded and fired, evidently hitting one of them. Before she could re-charge the piece, the three gave leg-bail for their intended trespass. On going out to examine the spoil, the first deer felled made an attempt to arise and showed signs of hostility. She procured a club and beat him on the head, till well assured her opponent would be obliged to tarry till her return, and started in quest of assistance, half a

mile through the woods. Having apprised her husband of her good luck, they both returned, and found the nimble footed rangers of the forest in the position she had left them. It is needless to say, they were dealt with according to the huntsman's statute, "in such case made and provided."—*Elmira (Tioga Co.) Gazette.*

STEPHEN GIRARD.—We have seen it intimated in some of the newspapers, and have understood from Dr. J. Y. Clark, that an *expectation* was cherished, that Mr. Girard had left materials for his biography by himself, in his own hand writing. We sincerely hope this may be so, for it would certainly be a great and valuable curiosity—but our *hope* of such materials existing, is very feeble. For, in answer to a request made by the Editor of this paper to Mr. Girard in December, 1822, for materials to compose his Auto Biography, Mr. Girard said, "*My actions, Mr. Simpson, must be my life! I have no information to give. What I do is my life. When I am dead that will speak for itself,*" &c. From which we infer, the expectation cherished, must be fallacious; especially as my request was often repeated—and as often denied in the same manner. Still we hope, the materials spoken of may be found.—*Pennsylvania Whig.*

We have great sympathy for the Greeks and Poles—and have abundance of missionary societies to propagate the mild principles of Christianity—and yet we laugh at the robbery and enslavement of the Cherokees, and tolerate an act that would have disgraced the Goths and Vandals.

RECIPE FOR MAKING A FIRE KING.—I have waited some time expecting some *Doctor* would inform us of the preparations by which the Fire King secures himself in taking hot oils, &c.; but the Doctors, although they ought to be chemists, appear to be non-plus'd. It is wonderful, too, that the New York Editor, who commented so largely on Mons. Chaubert's performances, and stated that they were a beautiful illustration of chemical principles, did not condescend to promulgate his secret knowledge. The probability is he knew nothing about it, on account of his silence.

I may be excused in saying

1 That diluted sulphuric acid, repeatedly rubbed upon any part of the human body, will render it insensible, and able to endure the application of hot iron.

2. That a paste of soap, triturated with a saturated solution of alum which has been boiled, will secure the tongue upon the application of hot oils, hot lead, or melted sealing wax, against all bad effect.

That when they are applied to a part, it being first guarded as above, a hissing takes place; they become lukewarm, and may be swallowed in safety.—*Chronicle.*

The purchaser of five or six tons of anthracite coal last fall at \$7½ per ton, who lived about twenty miles distant, in Middlesex county, lately had it brought back and resold it for fourteen dollars per ton to the very person of whom he bought it.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

On the 6th inst. a man who calls himself Joseph Leech alias Joseph Westfield Leech, alias Westfield, was brought before Major McVeigh, Esq. Kimberton, Chester county, on his warrant issued upon the solemn affirmation of a woman, "that he the said Joseph, had married her some three or four months since, when he had another wife in full life," &c. Upon examination, legal certificates were produced of his marriage with two women; both now living, and he acknowledged to a third, supposed to be also living in New Jersey, or at Brooklyn, Long Island. He was fully committed to the jail at West Chester for trial according to law. It appeared upon examination, that the said Joseph's last residence was with one of his wives in the Hospital Buildings, at the Yellow Springs. He is a native of Yorkshire, England, and a tailor by trade. If this notice were inserted in newspapers through the country, some of his *old acquaintances* might know of his situation, who ought not to be ignorant of it.

A HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.

By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

The same course of reflection which led me to transmit to you the account of the death of an ancient borderer, induces me to add the particulars of a singular incident, affording a point which seems highly qualified to be illustrated by the pencil. It was suggested by the spirited engraving which adorned the first number of the Keepsake, and perhaps bears too close a resemblance to the character of that print to admit of your choosing it as a subject for another. Of this you are the only competent judge.

The story is an old but not an ancient one; the actor and sufferer was not a very aged man, when I heard the anecdote in my early youth. Duncan, for so I shall call him, had been engaged in the affair of 1746, with others of his class, and was supposed by many to have been an accomplice, if not the principal actor in a certain tragic affair, which made much noise a good many years after the rebellion. I am content with indicating this, in order to give some idea of the man's character, which was bold fierce and enterprising. Traces of this natural disposition still remained on Duncan's very good features, and in his keen grey eye. But the limbs, like those of the ancient borderer in my former tale, had become unable to serve the purposes and obey the dictates of his inclination. On one side of his body he retained the proportions and firmness of an active mountaineer; on the other he was a disabled cripple, scarcely able to limp along the street. The cause which reduced him to this state of infirmity was singular.

Twenty years or more before I knew Duncan, he assisted his brothers in forming a large grazing in the Highlands, comprehending an extensive range of mountain and forest land, morass, lake, and precipice. It chanced that a sheep or goat was missed from the flocks, and Duncan not satisfied with dispatching his shepherds in one direction went himself in quest of the fugitives in another.

In the course of his researches, he was induced to ascend a small and narrow path, leading to the top of a high precipice. Dangerous as it was at first, the road became doubly so as he advanced. It was not much more than two feet broad, so rugged and difficult, and at the same time so terrible, that it would have been impracticable to any but the light step and steady brain of a Highlander. The precipice on the right rose like a wall, and on the left sunk to a depth which it was giddy to look down upon; but Duncan passed cheerfully on, now whistling the gathering of his Clan, now taking heed to his footsteps, when the difficulties of the path required that caution.

In this manner he had more than half ascended the precipice, when in midway, and it might almost be said, in middle air, he encountered a large buck of the red deer species, running down the cliff by the same path in an opposite direction. If Duncan had had a gun the rencontre could have been more agreeable; but as he had not this advantage over the denizen of the wilderness, the meeting was in the highest degree unwelcome. Neither party had the power of retreating, for the stag had not room to turn himself in the narrow path, and if Duncan had turned his back to go down, he knew enough of the creature's habits to be certain that it would rush upon him while engaged in the difficulty of the retreat. They stood therefore perfectly still, and looked at each other in mutual embarrassment for a considerable length of time.

At length the deer, which was of the largest size, began to lower his antlers, as they do when they are

brought to bay, and are preparing to rush upon hound and huntsman. Duncan saw the danger of a conflict in which he must probably come off the worst, and as a last resource stretched himself on the little ledge of rock which he occupied, and thus awaited the resolution which the deer should take, not making the least motion for fear of alarming the wild and suspicious animal. They remained in this posture for three or four hours, in the midst of a rock which would have suited the pencil of Salvator, and which afforded barely room enough for the man and the stag, opposed to each other in this extraordinary manner.

At length the buck seemed to take the resolution of passing over the obstacles which lay in his path, and with this purpose approached towards Duncan very slowly, and with excessive caution. When he came close to the Highlander, he stooped his head as if to examine him more closely, when the devil or the untameable love of sport, peculiar to his country, began to overcome Duncan's fears. Seeing the animal proceed so gently, he totally forgot not only the dangers of his position, but the mutual compact which certainly might have been inferred from the circumstances of the situation. With one hand Duncan seized the deer's horns, while with the other he drew his dirk. But in the same instant the buck bounded over the precipice, carrying the Highlander along with him. They went thus down upwards of a hundred feet, and were found the next morning in the spot where they fell. Fortune, who does not always regard retributive justice in her dispensations, ordered that the deer should fall underneath and be killed upon the spot, while Duncan escaped with his life, but with the fracture of a leg, an arm, and three ribs. In this state he was lying on the carcass of the deer, and the injuries which he had received rendered him for the remainder of his life the cripple I have described. I never could approve of Duncan's conduct towards the deer in a moral point of view, although (as the man in the play said,) he was my friend, but the temptation of a hart of grease, offering as it were, his throat to the knife, would have subdued the virtue of almost any deer-stalker. Whether the anecdote is worth recording, or deserving of illustration, remains for your consideration. I have given you the story exactly as I recollect it.

THE ROOM IN WHICH CANNING DIED.

It was a small low chamber at Chiswick. He chose it himself; it had formerly, we believe, been a sort of nursery; and the present Duke of Devonshire having accidentally slept here just before Canning took up his residence at the villa, it was considered more likely to be aired, and free from damp, than any other and costlier apartment. It has not even a cheerful view from the window, but overlooks a wing of the house, as it were, like a back yard. Nothing can be more common than the paper of the walls or the furniture of the apartment. On one side of the fire-place are ranged a few books, chiefly of a light character--such as the "Novelist's Magazine," "Rousseau," (the "Héloïse," we think) "Camilla," &c. Opposite the foot of the bed is the fire-place, and on the low chimney-piece stands a small bronze clock. How often to the clock must have turned the eyes of that restless and ardent being during his short and painful progress through disease to death!--with how bitter a monotony must its ticking sound have fallen on his ear! Nothing on earth is so wearing to the fretful nerve of sickness as that low, regular, perpetual voice in which Time speaks its warnings. He was just a week ill.

On Wednesday a party of diplomatists dined with the Prime Minister—on the Wednesday following—

“Pass’d away

The haughty spirit from that humble clay!”

For the last three days, he was somewhat relieved from the excruciating pain he had before suffered. Not that it is true, as was said in the newspapers at the time, that his cries could be heard at some considerable distance from the house—during one day, however, they were heard by the servants below. He was frequently insensible; and during that time the words, “Spain—Portugal,” were constantly on his lips. During those six days of his agony and trial, his wife was with him, and, we believe, neither took rest in bed, nor undressed, throughout the whole time. Her distress and despair, when all was over, was equal to her devotion during the struggle. It is said that the physicians declared it necessary for her life, or reason, that she should obtain the relief of tears; for she had not wept once, either before or after his death—and this relief came to her when she saw her son. At eleven o’clock at night, she left that house of mourning and went to the Duke of Portland’s, in Cavendish square. I never pass that dull and melancholy building, known as Harcourt House, with its dead wall and gloomy court-yard, without figuring to myself the scene of that night, when the heavy gates opened to receive the widow of one whom Genius had so gifted, and Ambition had so betrayed.

For some time before he died, Canning’s countenance had betrayed the signs of the toil and exhaustion he had undergone. But after death these had vanished—and that beautiful and eloquent countenance seemed in the coffin unutterably serene and hushed. The house is memorable for the death of two statesmen. Below, in a little dark chamber, covered with tapestry, Charles Fox breathed his last!—the greatest pupil of his great rival, after tacitly veering towards the main foundations of the same principles Fox had professed, came to the same roof to receive the last lesson ambition can bestow—

It was impossible to stand in that quiet, and even humble room, and not glance back to the contrasts which the life, that there had become extinct, afforded to retrospection. In April 1817, it was announced to a Parliament, crowded beyond precedent, that George Canning had accepted the office of First Commissioner of his Majesty’s Treasury—*id est*, the office of Prime Minister. The announcement was received with bursts of the loudest, the most prolonged cheers—cheers that made themselves scarce less audible along the neighboring streets than within the House. What followed!—resignations the next day from his oldest and staunchest adherents—the retirement of a host from his side—the complete breaking up of the party of a life’s forning—the suspicion, the rage of friends whom he might never regain—the strong alliance with foes, whom he could never hope to conciliate but by becoming the stepping-stone to their objects—objects which, if he continued to reject, he would have been lost for the future—if he accepted he must have belied the whole tenor of the past. Then came persecution, attack, doubt, scorn—the wrath of the peers, (that fatal House, whose power has never of late been exerted, but in opposition to the popular spirit it once fostered)—the schisms of the Commons—“the current slander and the echoed lie!”—and all this fell on a frame already breaking, and in need of rest. In April, Canning was announced Prime Minister of England, amongst the loudest exultation of a triumphant and seemingly resistless party. In August, his corpse was carried to its grave!—and within three months from that time, his party, that of late seemed

so strong, so permanent, was, to use the strong phrase justly applied to them—“scattered to the winds!” Never did a man, possessing so vast a personal influence in life, bequeath so little influence in death. And why? because it was the influence of talent, not principles—it was not the great doctrines round which men rallied, but the commanding genius—the genius extinct, the party was extinct.

IS SHE WELL MARRIED.—How often, when a young lady is married, do we hear the enquiry, “is she well married!” One would naturally suppose that the affirmative of this question would depend on the farther enquiry whether she was united to a man in every way qualified to make a good husband—whether he was by birth and education fitted to move in the same rank with herself—by nature, endowed with a heart to love and cherish her—by his industrious habits, was sure of providing for her a suitable maintenance. But he, who should put such a construction upon the affirmative of this question, would, in the minds of half our city dames, be set down for a fool—a poor miserable fool. To be well married—I speak the language of a managing mother, with a dozen grown-up girls on her hands—to be well married to a fortune—no matter to whom, but, as the phrase is, to how much. Aye, and how much, think you, ye prudent, pains-taking mothers, how much money will realize your fond expectations and secure to your daughters a good match? Oh, I hear you say, I am not ambitious of a Cæsar for my daughter’s husband, but he must be well off—he must be well to do in the world. Well, madam, and what are your ideas of being well to do in the world? Is it to be able to support your daughter in the ten thousand extravagancies in which you have brought her up—to gratify her passion for dress and parties—to pay off the long bills, which she may be disposed—and she will not lack the disposition, I promise you—to run up at the milliner’s and other shops—to support too, the expense of a foolish rivalry with those of her acquaintances she may be desirous of out-doing in show and splendor—to live in a dashy house, furnished with dashy furniture, to give dashy parties and to drive a dashy establishment? If these be your moderate pretensions and your unambitious expectations in getting your daughter well married, my word for it, madam, you will be disappointed. She may dash away for awhile, but ere long her husband is bankrupt—the income of no man, “well to do in the world,” can stand such expenses. You may then have the bitter satisfaction, indeed, of seeing your daughter married, and as you believed “well married,”—but when wealth is gone—and it quickly goes when at the disposal of a young wife like your daughter—what then will become of her matrimonial happiness! It is gone—gone with the last dollar of her penniless husband—gone,—I fear irretrievably gone. Look around, madam, among your acquaintances, and see if there be not among them some such examples of those whom you once thought “well married!” Learn wisdom by these lessons, and inculcate better sentiments in the minds of your daughters.

BACHELOR’S FARE.—We have come from listening to the story of a vagabond *child*, over which we laughed intolerably—to the no small discomfort of the narrator. It seems that some days since, a racy celibate of fifty, and a single gentleman of thirty-one or two, or thereabouts, tenants of the same domicile, were invited to an evening party. A prolonged session was anticipated, and the “gentlemen boarders,” influenced by their good feelings towards the “widow,” who

presided over the domestic arrangements of their dwelling house, and undisposed to create any alarm by their untimely entrance to the annoyance of the "sleepers," proposed to take with them the key of the outer door, so that they could let themselves in, at any hour, without disturbing the family. The proposition was agreed to, and a promise made that good fires should be kept up in their respective rooms against their return. Our gentlemen bachelors sallied forth; their host received them with all the kindness and hospitality possible; time trod on flowers, noiseless and unnoticed, until the elder of the pair be-thought him of the waning hours; the company was gradually dispersing, and he was reminded of the snug room and blazing fire that awaited his return to the provident widow's. "Go call a coach, and let a coach be called, and let him that calls the coach be the caller, and let him nothing call but coach! coach! coach!"

The coach drew up. Our gentleman popped himself and his pumps into it, and ordered the driver to set him down at Mrs. Blank's, in Blank street. The driver did set him down there, received his pay, and drove off, leaving his customer at the door, (the thermometer at 13 above zero,) fumbling for "the key."

It had most unaccountably vanished; it was neither in his vest pocket, nor his coat pocket, nor in either of the pockets of his pantaloons. "Thirty-two" must have taken it, but "thirty-two or thereabouts" had volunteered to see a lady home, and it would be some time before he returned. Well, patience! patience! Our hero remained on the door step, stamping his feet, swearing at the pumps, tugging the bell-pull, and wondering why, in the name of all that was comfortable, they did not let him in. Poor fellow! He had forgotten that every body was asleep, far off from the noise of the bell, and that he had promised to "let himself in." By and by, along came his companion. "Have you got the key?" "Got the key! no,—hav'n't *you* got the key?" "I got the key!—No." "The devil! hav'n't you got the key?" "No." "Well, here's a pair of us. What shall we do? I am half frozen." "Ring the bell." "I have rung it until my arms ache." "Then beat against the door." "I have beat until my ankles ache." "What shall we do?" "Don't ask me, I can't tell; sleep in the street, or," "or what?" "Go to the Exchange." "Well, here's for the Exchange."

So away they went; the clock had begun to strike little ones, the weather was cold—bitter cold; they had been to some expense for hack hire; they had spent an hour or so most uncomfortably in the street, and were compelled, as a dernier resort, to wake up the porter of a public house, and turn into strange beds, because, forsooth, the one had left "the key" to the charge of the other, and the other had left it to the charge of the one, and between both, it was suffered to remain all night on the parlor mantle-piece, where it had been placed by one of the parties in order that it might not be forgotten." The probability is, that neither will do a good natured thing again so long as he lives, and that their landlady or her domestics will be compelled to sit up more nights than they desire, in order to "accommodate the boarders."—*Boston Transcript.*

A gentleman sent for his taylor, who was an Irishman, and ordered him to let out the last suit of clothes he brought home, as they were too little for him. Some time afterwards, the gentleman wondering that the taylor kept them so long, sent for him; and being asked about the clothes, said, that he had punctually obeyed the gentleman's commands, and had made a very good

bargain, for he had let them out to a countryman of his own, at a whole thirteen a week, and he had engaged to wear them at that price for six months certain, whether he lived or died.

There has been no little speculation on the subject of a Comet, that, it is supposed, will appear in the course of the present year. In presenting the annexed extract on the subject, we would remark that it has been a topic in Europe, and the people of France having been somewhat alarmed, the French Philosophical Academy some time ago caused calculations to be made on the subject, and published a report to allay the alarm which had seized the minds of the ignorant classes on the occasion. The result of their calculations went to show that no sort of danger was to be apprehended on the approach of the comet.

THE GREAT COMET OF 1832.

The European papers speak of a Comet that will appear within 60,000 miles of Earth's orbit, some time in the year 1832. If the earth should happen to be in that portion of its orbit, nearest the path of the comet, in its approach to the sun, they say its motion will be much disturbed, and serious consequence may reasonably be apprehended. N. Lalande has computed that comets may pass within 30,000 leagues without sensibly deranging the motion of the earth. The comet of 1470 approached so near the earth as to increase its periodical time upwards of two days; and had its mass been equal to that of the earth it is computed by La Place, the earth's motion in her orbit would have been equally retarded, and consequently would have increased the length of the year nearly 49 hours. As no such effect was produced the disturbing force of the comet was considered insensible. The mass of the comet was a 15,000th part less than that of the earth. In 1454 the moon was eclipsed by a comet, which must have passed within 200,000 miles of the earth—and it is known that no effect was produced by its attractive force, either on the earth or moon. The immense velocity of comets may be a principal reason why they do not sensibly affect the motion of the planets. That of 1680 was calculated by Newton to move at the rate of 800,000 miles an hour, and Boybone observed one at Palermo in 1670, whose velocity he computed to be equal to 2,500,000 miles an hour. The comet of 1450 is best known to astronomers. Its period is computed to be about 75 years, though from its motion being disturbed by the planets it is sometimes longer. It appeared in 1632 very bright; and was looked after with very great anxiety in 1758; but Clairault determined from calculation that it would not appear till April, 1759.

The increased length of its period he attributed to the influence of Jupiter and Saturn, near which it would pass. It accordingly approached nearest the sun on the 12th of March, 1759. If this is the comet to which the European papers refer, it will not appear until 1834 or 5. The distance of this comet from the sun when in the extreme end of its orbit, is about 82,000,000 miles; yet it returns regularly, and its period has been calculated by the mathematicians within 30 days.

Which are the two letters in the English alphabet most disagreeable to the ladies? D K.

When a French peer, a man of wit, made his last will, he bequeathed legacies to all his domestics for their long and faithful services—but to my steward, added he, I shall leave nothing, because he has served me more than forty years.

VARIETIES.

ZEAL.—The river that runs slow and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into hollows, and spreads itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness, and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted with little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels: so is a man's prayer; it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and an hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermediate regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshments.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

At a supper which closed the annual meeting of the Columbia Typographical Society, held at Washington on Saturday week, Mr. Verplanck, one of the guests, related this anecdote:—I was engaged some years ago in a miscellaneous literary work, in conjunction with two or three friends whose writings are amongst the most valued productions of native literature. The volumes were most accurately, as well as very beautifully printed. Before the sheets had reached the binder, and long before they had fallen under the eyes of any regular editorial critic, I was surprised with a review of the work in one of our best and most widely circulated literary journals. It was written with great talent, as well as elegance and sprightliness of style, and in the most friendly spirit. On enquiring for the name of our good-natured and able critic, the authors were surprised to learn that he was the compositor who had set up the whole of the manuscript, and who knew it only in that way. Our friend has since laid down the *stick* for the pen, and is now, as I trust, winning his way to fame and fortune, in another country.

The U. S. Gazette tells this anecdote. During the Yellow Fever of '93, a coach stopped in Farmer's Row, then deserted and desolate by the raging pestilence. A short, square-built man alighted, went into a house, and returned with a sick man in his arms; the size of the sufferer did not allow the visitor to take him up in the best way for conveying him. As they were on the pavement, the right arm of the man supported in part the sick person, and his left was thrown around him, to press the emaciated body close to him, and prevent his falling; the feet of the sick man touched the ground, and his yellow cadaverous face rested against the cheek of his conductor; every breath he exhaled, poured over the nostrils and mouth of his supporter a volume of putrid effluvia, while his hair, long from neglect, and knotted and matted with filth, added to the disgusting and fearful spectacle. In this situation, the well man partly carried and partly dragged the sufferer to the carriage, in which with great exertion and after much time, he succeeded in placing him, the driver of course refusing to aid in such dangerous enterprise. The door of the carriage was drawn to by the person inside, and then they were driven slowly off, the sick man lying in the arms of the person who had brought him from his wretched abode. That man was STEPHEN GIRARD!

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.—It is mentioned in the Encyclopedia Americana, as a characteristic of the Mississippi belonging to a very few of the long and large rivers, that it rises in very cold regions, and runs towards the equator. By thus flowing through almost every variety of climate, it is the channel of conveyance to a corresponding variety of products, and must thus become the scene of the most active internal commerce on the globe, in which the products of the extreme north will be ex-

changed against those of the almost tropical regions in which it disembogues. "If," says the article quoted, "we except the Amazon, probably no other valley on the globe will compare in size with that of the Mississippi; and it probably surpasses all others in the richness and variety of its soil, and its general adaptation to the support and comfort of civilised men. In extent, it is like a continent; in beauty and fertility, it is the most perfect garden of nature." It embraces twenty degrees of latitude, and thirty of longitude, which we may observe to be equal to the distance between Gibraltar and Edinburgh, and to that which, in the same latitudes in Europe, comprehends Portugal, Spain, and Italy, and the Mediterranean inclosed between them and the western coast of Greece. From Olean point on the Allegheny, to the highest point of boat navigation on the Missouri, is 5000 miles--by water, of course. What a picture is this of magnitude and prospective wealth. But how is the conception of it enlarged by the reflection, that it is the demesne of a people, whose institutions give the greatest spur to industry, and make life in such a region best worth having?

The following account of a curious battle is from the latest number of Mr. Skinner's Sporting Magazine.

SNAKE FIGHT.—The late Major T. of the army, a gallant officer, who was severely wounded at the sortie of Fort Erie, and died afterwards from the effect of his wound, while a representative of his native state in Congress, used to relate the following account of a battle which he once witnessed, between a black and a rattle snake.

He was riding on horseback, when he observed the snakes in the road, a short distance ahead of him. They were moving round in a circle, and apparently following each other. A gentleman who was with the major, and who had witnessed a similar scene before, remarked that it was the prelude to a fight, and worthy the loss of a little time to witness. They accordingly stopped their horses, and watched the snakes. The cautious manœuvre of following each other, in a kind of circle, was pursued for some time, closing at each round, until when within a few feet, the black snake was observed to stop, coil, and place himself in an attitude to strike. The rattle snake now passed round his antagonist two or three times, lessened the distance at each round, when he also stopped and began to coil. But before he was ready to strike, the black snake suddenly darted upon him. His evolutions were too rapid to be detected, and when he was again distinctly observed, both snakes were stretched out at full length, the rattle snake enveloped in the folds of the black, which had also seized the rattle snake at the back of the head and held him there. After a short interval, the black snake gradually unfolded himself, loosened the grip with his mouth from the rattle snake's head, and moved away.

On examination, the rattle snake was found to be dead, and apparently every bone in his body was crushed. The black snake is a constrictor, and usually destroys its prey by enfolding and crushing it.

RESPECT FOR AGE.—A Russian Princess of great beauty, in company with her father and a young French Marquis, visited a celebrated Swiss doctor of the last century, Michael Scuppack; when the Marquis began to pass his jokes upon the long white beard of one of the doctor's neighbors who was present, and offered to bet twelve louis d'ors that no lady present would dare to kiss the dirty old fellow. The Russian Princess ordered her attendant to bring a plate, and deposited twelve louis d'ors, and sent it to the Marquis, who was too polite to decline his stake. The fair Russian then approached the peasant, saying, "Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the manner of my country," and embracing, gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate, saying, "take this as a remembrance of me, and as a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honor old age."

EPITAPHS AND EPIGRAMS.

ON A BAD FIDDLER.

Old Orpheus played so well, he mov'd Old Nick;
But thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-stick.

BAD DANCING TO GOOD MUSIC.

How ill the dancing to the music suits!
So played Orpheus—and so danced the brutes.

ON AN OPPRESSIVE LAWYER.

After spending a long life in griping and grubbing,
Here he lies, where the wicked (at last) cease from trou-
bling.

BREVITY OF LIFE.

Man's life 's a vapor, and full of woes;
He cuts a caper, and down he goes.

RESIGNATION.

Here lies my wife, a sad slattern and shrew;
If I said I regretted her, I should lie too.

ON A TALKATIVE OLD MAID.

Beneath this silent stone is laid
A noisy antiquated maid;
Who from her cradle talked till death.
And ne'er before was out of breath.

ORIGIN OF LIFE AND DEATH.

cur f w d dis and p
A sed iend rought eath ease ain.
bles fr b br and ag

The second or middle line is to be read with the first
and third.

A SIMILE.

Quoth Tom to Bet, "I've thump'd my brain
An hour and above;
And for my life I cannot find
A simile for love."
"La! what a dolt! sir, love is like
The measles, or being hung;
Folks never have it twice, you know,
And always catch it young."

ON A LYING SHOEMAKER.

Beneath this humble tombstone lies
A Liar, lying past;
Who having lied until he died,
A lying lied his last.

OBEDIENCE.

Into the fire a struggling drunkard fell:
"Help! help!" the servants cry—his Jezebel,
Foaming with rage, commands them to be still:
"Your master, sluts, may lie where'er he will."

NO MONOGAMIST.—"Matrimony," says Lynn Haverhill,
"is, nineteen times in twenty, the happiest condition of
life. In my opinion they do well who embrace it at an
early period of life, and renew the connexion as often as
it is legally dissolved, waiting a couple of months or less
to testify suitable respect for the memory of the de-
ceased."

LARGE PATTERN.—"Oh, that my sleeves were larger,
and my waist was less," seems to be the ladies' reading
of Jack's exclamation. It is said that a Washington
street shop keeper once offered to throw in the skirts of
a gown pattern, if the lady purchaser would buy silk
enough for the sleeves. There was less satire in the offer
than we comprehended, if we may credit the assertion
that a fashionable dress was lately sent home, the sleeves
of which actually contained twelve yards of half-yard
cloth.

WRITE WRITTEN WRITE.

Write, we know, is written right,
When we see it written write.

But when we see it written right,
We know 'tis then not written right.
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right or wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite;
But write, for so 'tis written right.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 4.

A BOOK FROM OHIO.—The last mail from the West
brought us from some unknown correspondent, or possi-
bly from the author, a new book from the Ohio press.
It is a very queer production by Caleb Atwater, called,
"Remarks made on a tour to Prairie du Chien, and
thence to Washington City."

Glancing over the first part, which relates to an Indian
treaty made by the author, and to Indian manners and
customs, &c. We come to thirty pages headed, "Visit
to Philadelphia," with a general character of the Phila-
delphians; of this we propose to give our readers a
taste, for which we expect they will be especially thank-
ful, as the book has so far escaped the observation of the
press, and is altogether a novelty of the first "water."
Some of our readers must remember the author when
here in 1829, and those who do not, will no doubt recol-
lect that he has been famous for a long time as the
describer of the Indian relics, mounds, &c. &c. of
Ohio; in this department he succeeded better than
in making the book under review; the part relating
to Philadelphia is a panegyric on us and our institutions,
laid on with no sparing hand—it is a plaster of praise!
He says it is but justice to every Philadelphian he had
ever met to say, "that if a man, whether he was a pro-
fessional one—a merchant—a mechanic—a farmer—or
even a hostler, he was a gentleman in his manners, kind,
friendly, amiable, polite and agreeable," &c. So of the
ladies: "If a female, whether she lived in a palace or
cottage, in splendor or affluence, or sunk low in the vale
of poverty, through some great and undeserved misfor-
tune—if the mistress of a family, she maintained her
station in society, with ease, dignity and propriety. She
might be a cook, or even a chambermaid, but she was a lady,
acting with a propriety in her station!" Hear this, ye
members of the society for bettering servants—it must
be to your faithful exertions that all the cooks and cham-
bermaids are ladies, or if it is not, Caleb Atwater must
have fallen in with this class particularly, and we are the
more inclined to this opinion because we believe the cook
calls the chambermaid lady in their private intercourse.
If Caleb had extended his researches still further, he
would have found out, that colored shoeblacks are "gen-
tlemen," and their wives "ladies" too.

But Caleb did not mingle only with cooks and cham-
bermaids—he went to *Wistar parties*, where he was a lion
from the west, and created no small share of amusement
by his awkward manners and very plain mode of doing
the agreeable. He speaks of many of our citizens much
after the fashion of Mrs. Royal—even descending to
describe their rooms and persons, to count the children
and describe their mode of life. The gentlemen thus
noticed are Messrs. Walsh, Vaux, Eyre, Littell, Vaughan,
Biddle, "the Wetherells," Jaudon, Binney, Chauncey, &c.
Drs. Morton, Griffith, Chapman, and Littell.

With the Water Works our author was much pleased, but devotes only half a page to it. He seems to have been more taken with live animals than with things, for even half of the half page is made up of the following unique description—"A small village is growing up around these works, and refreshments at a low price are always in readiness on the spot, and tendered to visitors who are always numerous here, all day, by persons of politeness and good breeding. Mr. Eyre and myself availed ourselves of these refreshments, for a mere trifle, which I would have cheerfully paid, even for the pleasure of seeing and conversing with such agreeable people, as those who afforded them to us!"

Remember this, ye agreeable cake and apple women at Fair Mount, and hereafter take double toll of strangers—get paid for "seeing and conversing" with your visitors, particularly if Caleb Atwater should ever come again, of which there are abundant promises throughout the book.

At every public institution our author says he "studied for hours;" at the Academy of Fine Arts he was much provoked that "the young men" should have mutilated the naked statues, and advises that some of our "great artists" should put a head on the broken marble statue in the yard, or else he prognosticates that the water will get into the neck, and freezing, crack it up! We are happy to inform him the said statue has stood the test of the late very severe weather, and that we have no artist here who works extremely well in marble heads, though we have left among us a greater proportion of block-heads than Caleb appears to have dreamt of.

He does not think much of Peale's Museum.

Our authors "world" has been a very small one. He continually declares everything here is the best in the world. Our Academy of Natural Science consists of young men, not exceeded by anything "in the world"—our gardens are "the first in the world."

Alas for all the little villages! Caleb Atwater declares in his book that "Neatness and cleanliness are sometimes found in other cities, but their constant and permanent home is in Philadelphia. I suspect there is at any one time of the year, more filth in almost any little village, in any state of this whole union, than can be found in Philadelphia in a whole year!" Here is a compliment at which we fairly blushed crimson.

To the western merchant Caleb strongly commends Philadelphia—we are all honest. He says in the simplicity of his heart, "If he trades here, he may be sure of dealing with honest men, and if he wants credit, he can have it. If the western merchant wants money, to any amount, and can secure the payment of it, he can borrow it in Philadelphia, and should any one wish to begin the business of a merchant, without being very well acquainted, either with the prices or quality of goods, Philadelphia is the place to go to, in preference to any other in the world!" This is true enough, and we give our visitor great credit for this evidence of his sagacity. He says moreover, that all the merchants of Ohio who have been in business ten years, and have dealt in Philadelphia, are wealthy and prosperous. We "make hundreds rich—none poor!" *Eheu!*

The mechanics of this good place are despatched in one short sentence, for which we beg them to feel grateful, thus, "All the mechanics are the best in the world!"

The Philadelphia doctors are an exception to our au-

thor's rule, being, he says, "far ahead of anything of the kind, on the American continent" only.

"The Philadelphia lawyers," he declares, "are proud samples of men in their highly honorable profession." They have more "energy and warmth of heart, zeal, candor, clearness of method and of style" than those "in the United States' Court, at Washington city!" To puzzle a "Philadelphia lawyer," is so difficult a thing as to have passed into a byword "all over the world," as Caleb would say; but we suspect the book before us would puzzle the whole bar if they were set to work to make head or tale of it.

Of our schools he remarks, "none can be better conducted, none more fully attended." The Philadelphia children "were the neatest, most cleanly, most affectionate towards each other, especially towards the younger ones, the most healthy and happy children, I ever saw anywhere." But the infant school did not strike Caleb so favorably, and why? because he did not see a single one. Let him speak for himself. "I did not see the infant school, having but a poor opinion of all the good children attain by singing over the A. B. C. and about some monkey or baboon. It may be a good place, to send nurses with the little children of a family, to get rid of their noise awhile, but all they learn there, I suspect is worse than to learn nothing!" Alas for our author—if he had seen our infant schools, he might have witnessed children of eight years old who could describe what they saw more correctly, and in better grammar than he does himself.

Caleb likes our inns better—they are more to his taste than infant schools, for he says in his usual happy manner, "The most frequented inns in the city, are the Mansion House and the United States Hotel; but after calling to see nearly every inn, I can recommend them all, and say, that in whatever part of the town, any western man's business happens to be, there he can put up, at a tavern, be kindly treated, and find his bill a reasonable one when he leaves it." Of the people who keep "the fashionable boarding houses," he says, "I know no difference between them. They are persons of intelligence possessing every sort of knowledge," &c.

But enough of this new species of literature. The historian Daniel Hume says of the times of James the First, "If the poetry of the English was so rude and imperfect during that age, we may reasonably expect that their prose would be liable to still greater objections. Though the latter appears the more easy, as it is the more natural method of composition, it has ever in practice been found the more rare and difficult, and there scarcely is an instance in any language, that it has reached a degree of perfection before the refinement of poetical numbers and expressions." We quote this passage for the benefit of Caleb Atwater and all his compeers, whether from the east or the west, who would attempt prose before poetry, and to Caleb in particular we would recommend that he sing the praises of our city on his next excursion in poetry only. He takes a poet's license very often, and we see no reason why he should not succeed in metre much better than in prose.

Our sides ache with laughing, and our fingers with copying from this curious western product. If the author understood the Dakota Indian language no better than he did that of Philadelphians, we suspect his dictionary of their words is of very little value.

STEAM.—It was a curious and interesting calculation which ascertained that the shore of the Mississippi, and of the rivers which flow into it that are navigable for steamboats, are equal to an extent of *fifty thousand miles*! Steamboats have done much for the west—advanced it in population and civilization, say public writers, an hundred years at one great stride. Well might Dr. Darwin sing,

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar
Drive the slow barge, or urge the rapid car;
Or, on wide waving wings expanded, bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air."

It would indeed be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits the invention of steam has conferred on the world. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to it, and all the most material; it has not only widened magnificently the field of exertions, but multiplied a thousand fold the amount of production. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned, completed the dominion of mind over matter, and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labor of after generations. In 1804 there were but four steam engines in America—there are now one hundred in Philadelphia.

THE DOCTORS OUTWITTED.—Some three weeks since an advertisement appeared in the papers of this city, stating that *Waterton Sweet*, from the State of New York, a *natural bone-setter*, was now here, and ready to attend patients afflicted with dislocated bones of long or short standing. The advertisement excited but little attention—the editorial fraternity were not called upon to puff the stranger, and he received but little encouragement. He came here without the community having been prepared to receive him by knowing his great reputation in his own state. In the city of New York he has long practiced his art, visiting several times a year, and relieving numbers who were hopeless of recovery from the ordinary methods. This absence of puffing led us to make exact inquiries as to his pretensions and skill; the result has been highly satisfactory, and we consider that we are performing an acceptable service to the public in imparting the ascertained facts.

The family of the Sweets have for generations been called *natural bone-setters*, one or more of them inheriting this curious talent. The present Mr. Sweet has added to his natural talent by study, though he rather depends in conversation upon the statement that his efforts are given by nature. His *delicacy of touch* seems to aid him much, but whatever it may be, we are certain he has performed some cures where the doctors had abandoned their patients, or were trusting to time to effect what they had failed to accomplish.

It must have occurred to many of our readers to have seen individuals suffering for years with lameness, and consequent ill health, from the effects of a sprained ankle. A lady near Crosswicks, New Jersey, had received an injury in this part, and had not walked for *three years*! She had consulted seven physicians, who had all abandoned the case, or effected nothing. Mr. Sweet was sent for on his way to Philadelphia—he set the bone in a few hours, and she went immediately about her usual duties, walking almost as well as before. These facts are well substantiated, and may be depended on. A gentleman who had once been relieved by the bone-setter

happened to be in Philadelphia at the time of his visit, and was overset in a carriage by which his collar bone was dislocated—it was restored by Mr. S. immediately, and he suffered little inconvenience. To this individual Sweet referred applicants for his character, and from his recommendation a lady who had suffered two years and four months from injury to the ankle produced by jumping from a carriage, and who had not walked a step without crutches, was induced to submit to his operation. Two of our most eminent physicians had visited her regularly during the continuance of her lameness, and persisted in accounting for it by saying the great *leader* of the foot was injured. Sweet told her before he touched the swollen limb, that the bones were out of joint. He lubricated the parts with oil, &c. and then with his peculiar touch replaced them in a very short time. She is now comparatively free from pain, which she had endured to an extent scarcely credible from so slight a cause. Very little doubt exists that she will permanently recover the use of the limb.

A third lady under similar circumstances, residing about twenty miles from this city, underwent the same operation, and is in like manner rapidly recovering, being able already to help herself, and being nearly relieved from pain—such are the facts. With the natural bonesetter we have no personal acquaintance, nor did we hear of him while in this vicinity, except by reading his advertisement. We are opposed to quackery always *as such*, but when real and substantial evidence of a good thing comes before us, we shall always be the last to withhold it from the public. In addition to the foregoing detail, we may add that individuals have repeatedly gone to Mr. Sweet from as far south as the Carolinas, and have been signally benefitted, so that whatever may be thought of this matter, the facts are stubborn things. Should Mr. S. visit this city again on a professional tour, as he probably will, we shall take pains to inform our readers—when he becomes better known he will receive more patronage. We shall not offer any suppositions as to the existence of the talent—the subject was new to us when we undertook its investigation; but every reader will remark that the talent is one capable of demonstration, and therefore differs from stories of second sight, and similar delusions with which the world has long been amused.

Much sensation has been created in Chesnut street this week, by the appearance of the *very latest muff*. This remarkable appendage is of black velvet, with three rich wreaths embroidered in green and silver quite round its circumference—the display is very imposing, and we look for many imitators.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We rather advise Mercutio to abandon the thoughts of making money by his pen. The celebrated La Bruyere said happily, "It is the glory and merit of some men to write well, and of others not to write at all." Mercutio had better glory in silence.

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